



All roads lead to freedom



roman

empire

historical

202 1 5

Chapter 1 by Dmars

Vitus was exhausted, he had been walking for days.

Through hills and valleys, fields and woods, until he found a main road, a sign proclaimed that this was the Via Severina, and Rome was to be found at the very end of it.

He turned and noticed smoke coming from a farm in the other direction.

The smell of roast, maybe a feast, echoes of joyful singing.

A feast, anything would be a feast, he hadn't eaten since he accidentally ate a poisonous mushroom the day before.

But he couldn't be seen, what if word had gotten around these parts.

No, he thought, I'm safe here, for now, as long as I keep going as soon as I'm rested and fed, everything will be fine.

Chapter 2 by Skeld



He was the commander of the Praetorian Guard and the right hand man to Publius Varus, who was leading the men of the XVII, XVIII and XIX Legions.

Was he had his suspicions on Aemilius Paullus. The traitor. He was after all a barbarian.

At the last moment before they were to march to the Teutoburg Forest, he was told to wait.

He had a handful of men and was waiting for half a day. But alas they had a plan to surprise the Roman army. He was to Emperor Augustus. He

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had succumbed to fatigue and had to rest beside a pond. Since, they could not construct a campfire, they had to sleep in the cold, damp and hard ground.

The next morning they stole some horses from a small hamlet and made good time. Eventually, to the foot of the Alps they came. Vitus, then saw something which was spinechilling. He saw some 20 or so men in ill-fitting uniforms of Legionaries constructing a camp. But, what really horrified him was the fact that these men were flying the banner of the XVII Legion. That was impossible. The XVII Legion were obliterated completely in the battle field. Then he realized, these were Arminius' men. They were barbarians disguised as Legionaries. So, he charged and was able to subdue only a handful of men before half of them escaped. Then only 6 barbarians remained. Fortunately, Vitus had 6 too. But even then, they were defeated because of fatigue. But, Fortune favors the brave, and so he took down all 5 of them singlehandedly. He kicked the last one to the ground and held his bloody sword to his throat. "What were you planning to do you filthy scum".

"HA! You'll never catch the others in time Roman". he said in broken Latin.

"They'll send word to the Emperor about the battle. They will give a letter specially prepared by Arminius. HA HA."

Vitus slit his throat. He then knew what Arminius had meant to do. He had seen the look Arminius had given him that day before the ambush.

Vitus knew that if he went to Rome, the soldiers will cut him down in an instant. He had to disguise himself. So he did. He dumped his uniform in a ditch and stole a farmer's clothes. He slashed the soldier's mark on his shoulder and started to go to Rome to speak the truth by any means available.

So, here he was on the way to Rome when he felt something hard hit his head and then, he fell.

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